Caſ. 1 but Lady,
The pollicy may either laſt ſo long,
Or feede vpon ſuch nice,and watriſh diet,
Or breed it ſelfe, ſo out of circumſtance,
That I being abſent,and my place ſupplied,
My Generall will forget my loue and ſeruice:
Deſd. Doe not doubt that,before *Emilia* here,
I giue thee warrant of thy place; aſſure thee
If I doe vow a friendſhip,I'le performe it
To the laſt Article; my Lord ſhall neuer reſt,
I'le watch him tame,and talke him out of patience;
His bed ſhall ſeeme a ſchoole,his boord a ſhrift,
I'le intermingle euery thing he does,
With *Caſsio's* ſuite; therefore be merry *Caſsio*,
For thy ſoiliciter ſhall rather die,
Then giue thee cauſe: away.

Enter Othello,Iago,*and Gentlemen.*

Em. Madam,here comes my Lord.
Caſ. Madam,I'le take my leaue.
Deſd. Why ſtay and heare me ſpeake.
Caſ. Madam not now,I am very ill at eaſe,
Vnfit for mine owne purpoſe.
Deſd. Well,doe your diſcretion. *Exit* Caſſio.
Iag. Ha,I like not that.
Oth. What doeſt thou ſay?
Iag. Nothing my Lord,or if,I know not what.
Oth. Was not that *Caſsio* parted from my wife?
Iag. *Caſsio* my Lord? --no ſure,I cannot thinke it,
That he would ſneake away ſo guilty-like,
Seeing you comming.
Oth. I doe beleeue twas he.
Deſd. How now my Lord,
I haue beene talking with a ſuiter here,
A man that languiſhes in your diſpleaſure.
Oth. Who i'ſt you meane?
Deſd. Why your Leiutenant *Caſsio*,good my Lord,

If I haue any grace or power to moue you,
His preſent reconſiliation take:
For if he be not one that truely loues you,
That erres in ignorance,and not in cunning,
I haue no iudgement in an honeſt face,
I preethee call him backe.
Oth. Went he hence now?
Deſd. Yes faith,ſo humbled,
That he has left part of his griefes with me,
I ſuffer with him; good loue call him backe.
Oth. Not now ſweete *Deſdemona* ſome other time.
Deſd. But ſhal't be ſhortly?
Oth. The ſooner ſweete for you.
Deſd. Shal't be to night at ſupper?
Oth. No,not to night.
Deſd. To morrow dinner then?
Oth. I ſhall not dine at home,
I meete the Captaines,at the Cittadell.
Deſd. Why then to morrow night, or Tueſday morne,
On Tueſday morne,or night,or Wenſday morne,
I preethee name the time,but let it not
Exceed three dayes: Ifaith hee's penitent,
And yet his treſpaſſe,in our common reaſon,
(Saue that they ſay,the warres muſt make examples,
Out of her beſt) is not almoſt a fault,
To incurre a priuate checke: when ſhall he come?
Tell me *Othello*: I wonder in my ſoule,
What you could aske me,that I ſhould deny?
Or ſtand ſo muttering on? What *Michael Caſsio*?
That came a wooing with you,and ſo many a time
When I haue ſpoke of you diſpraiſingly,
Hath tane your part,to haue ſo much to doe
To bring him in? Birlady I could doe much.
Oth. Preethee no more,let him come when he will,
I will deny thee nothing.
Deſd. Why this is not a boone,
Tis as I ſhould intreate you weare your gloues: